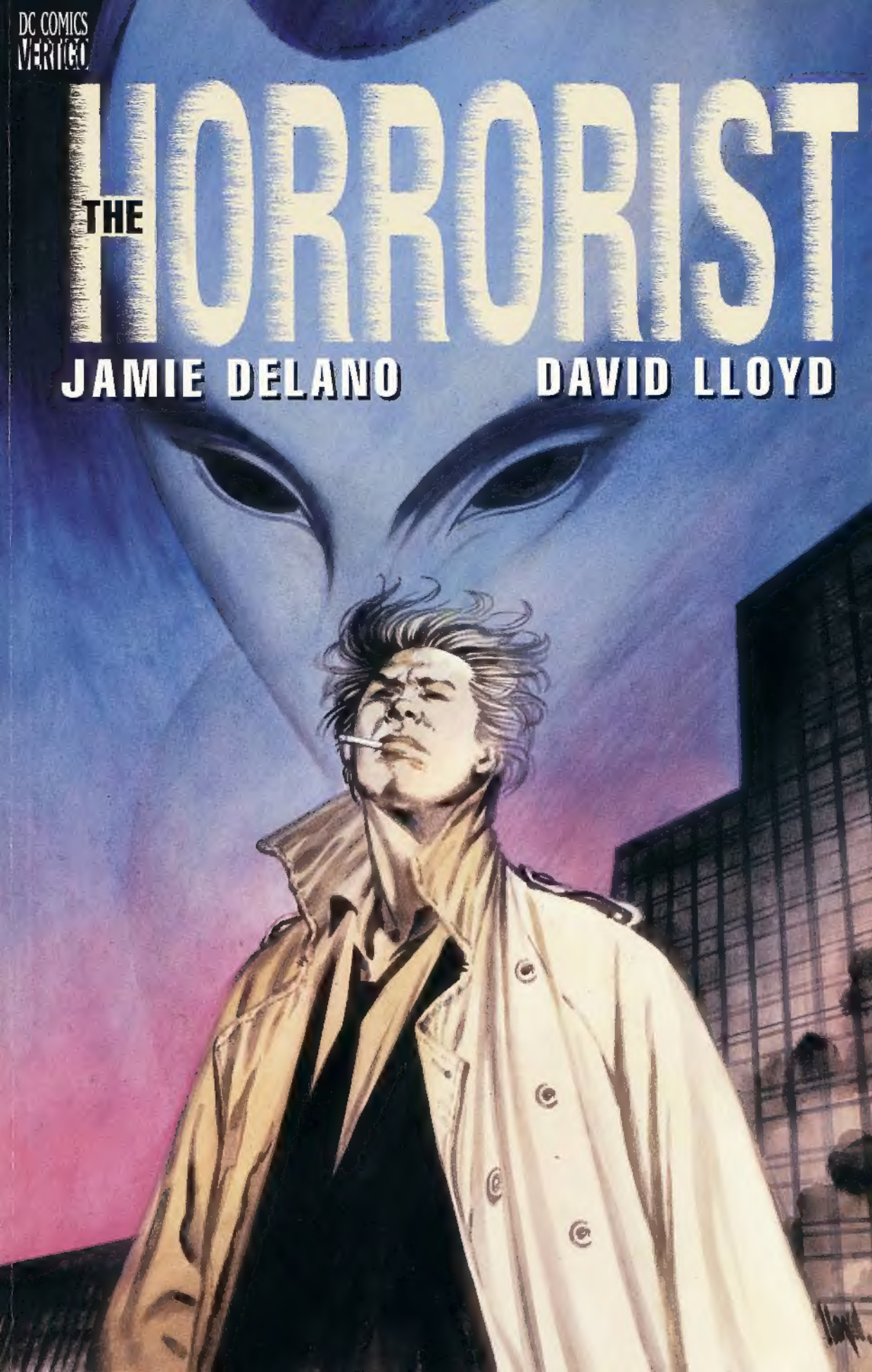
DC COMICS
VERTIGO
THE HORRORIST
JAMIE DELANO
DAVID LLOYD

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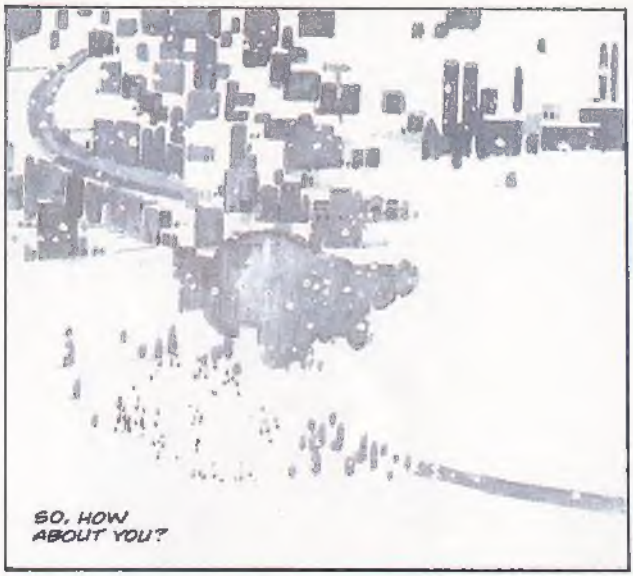
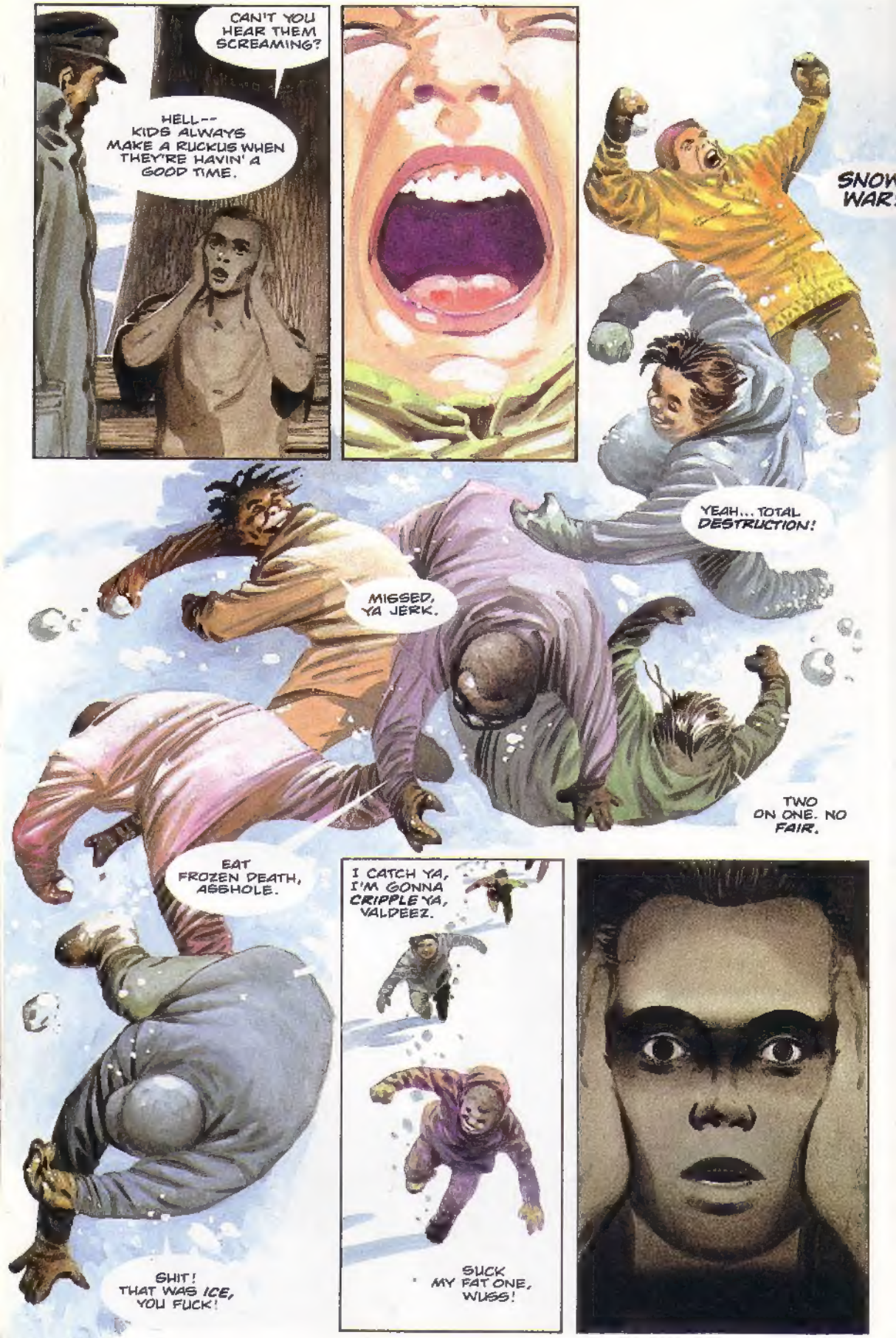
A PLAGUE OF SNOWFLAKES SWARM: A SOFT INVASION ON A STARVING WIND. IT'S TEN DEGREES BELOW, THIS MORNING -- COLD AS CHARITY.
BUT SNOW IS NO BIG DEAL IN FENTON, ILLINOIS. THE SAME OLD WHITE SHIT DUMPS ON IT EVERY GOD-DAMN WINTER: IT'S JUST A LITTLE EARLIER THIS YEAR.
WHO CAN TELL WHY? POLLUTION, MAYBE... SCREWING THE WEATHER UP. COULD BE THE ICE-CAP'S CREEPING SOUTH...
SHIT, MAYBE THE COUNTRY'LL SOON BE OVERFLOWING WITH REFUGEE CANUCKS, AS WELL AS ALL THE REST.
SURE, WINTER'S HARD -- THEY'LL PISS AND MOAN, BUT THEY'LL GET BY OKAY IN FENTON. THEY GOT FAST FOOD, DOUBLE-GLAZING, SNOW TIRES, BLOWERS AND PLOWS...


SO, HOW ABOUT YOU?

YOU GOT THE COLD THERE, TOO?

GO FETCH, SHORT STUFF.

HEY, LUCAS...
C'MON, LITTLE BRO... DON'T BE MESSIN' WITH NO CRAZIES.
LOOK AT THAT--THEY AIN'T GOT A CARE IN THE WORLD. MAKES YA KINDA GREEN, DON'T IT? KIDS DON'T FEEL THE COLD.
THEIR BLOOD WILL FREEZE, SOON.
SAY, YOU'RE THE ONE'S SITTIN' OUT HALF NAKED IN THE SNOW.
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOUR EARS? FROST-BIT, I BET.


CAN'T YOU HEAR THEM SCREAMING?
HELL-- KIDS ALWAYS MAKE A RUCKUS WHEN THEY'RE HAVIN' A GOOD TIME.
SNOW WAR!
YEAH... TOTAL DESTRUCTION!
MISSED, YA JERK.
TWO ON ONE. NO FAIR.
EAT FROZEN DEATH, ASSHOLE.
I CATCH YA, I'M GONNA CRIPPLE YA, VALDEEZ.
SUCK MY FAT ONE, WUSS!
SHIT! THAT WAS ICE, YOU FUCK!

Y'GOT NO PLACE TO HIDE, MAN...
HEY, LADY... YOU OKAY?
YOU GOT A PAIN IN YOUR HEAD? MAYBE YOU GOT SOME PILLS SOME PLACE?
JEEZ! LOOK, JUST RELAX, OKAY..? I'LL HELP YA -- BUT YA GOTTA TELL ME WHAT'S WRONG.
GONNA DIE, YALDEEZ.

HEY KID, STOP! DON'T...

...MOVE.
THIS AIN'T *RIGHT*. THIS BAD-FUCKIN'-EVIL CAN'T HAPPEN *HERE*.

THE HORRORIST

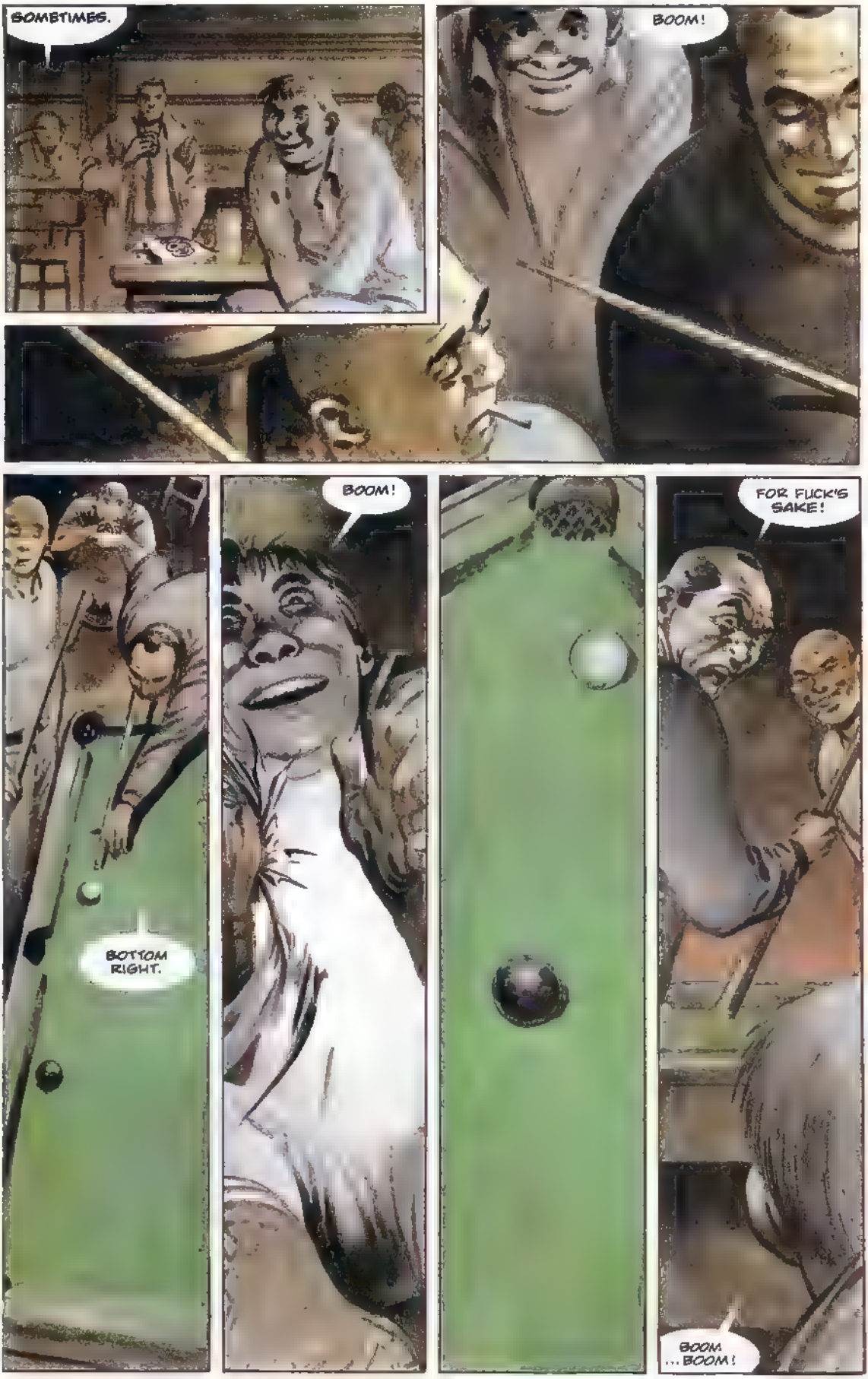
JAMIE DELANO • writer **DAVID LLOYD • artist**

ELITTA FELL • letterer

THE HORRORIST created by Jamie Delano and David Lloyd

"ANTARCTICA"-PART ONE

QUIET HERE, INNIT?


SOMETIMES.
BOOM!
BOTTOM RIGHT.
BOOM!
FOR FUCK'S SAKE!
BOOM ...BOOM!

YOU'RE GONNA GET A SLAP, TWAT!
ME AND MY MOUTH.
OI! DON'T BLOODY START --OR YOU'RE OUT, AWRIGHT?
YOU DON'T WANT TROUBLE, YOU SHOULDN'T LET THEM FUCKIN' NODDIES IN HERE
BOOM... BOOM!
'IS MONEY'S AS GOOD AS YOURS, PAL.
GIN 'N' TONIC, WHEN YOU'RE READY.
THASS A QUEER'S DRINK, INNIT?
TWENTY-FIVE QUID IF YOU SUCK MY DICK.
I'LL DO IT FOR FIFTEEN.

PUT ME DOWN, KID-- YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE I'VE BEEN.
YOU'RE COLD AS ICE.
IT'S WINTER, INNIT?
I'VE GOT A WARM PLACE.
I'LL BET YOU HAVE
BOOM... BOOM...
FUCK YOU!
BOOM!
FIRE AND ICE!

SHIT.
ICE AND BLOOD! ICE AND BLOOD!
CHRIST! NOT ON ME COAT, PAL --JUST HAD THE BASTARD CLEANED.
WAYNE..?
YEAH. AMBULANCE... "THE JOLLY CRISPIN"... TOTTENHAM.
HEY, MAN --HOW WELL D'YOU KNOW THIS GUY?
'ELP ME STOP 'IM BLEEDING!
YOU EVER THINK ABOUT AIDS, LIKE?
YOUR CALL HAS BEEN LOGGED AT 10:23. THE LONDON AMBULANCE SERVICE APOLOGIZES, BUT THERE IS CURRENTLY A DELAY OF FORTY MINUTES IN YOUR AREA...
FILTH'LL BE HERE BEFORE THE AMBULANCE.
YOU'D BETTER ALL PISS OFF NOW...'LESS YOU WANT TO MAKE STATEMENTS.
I'LL FINISH ME DRINK, FIRST.

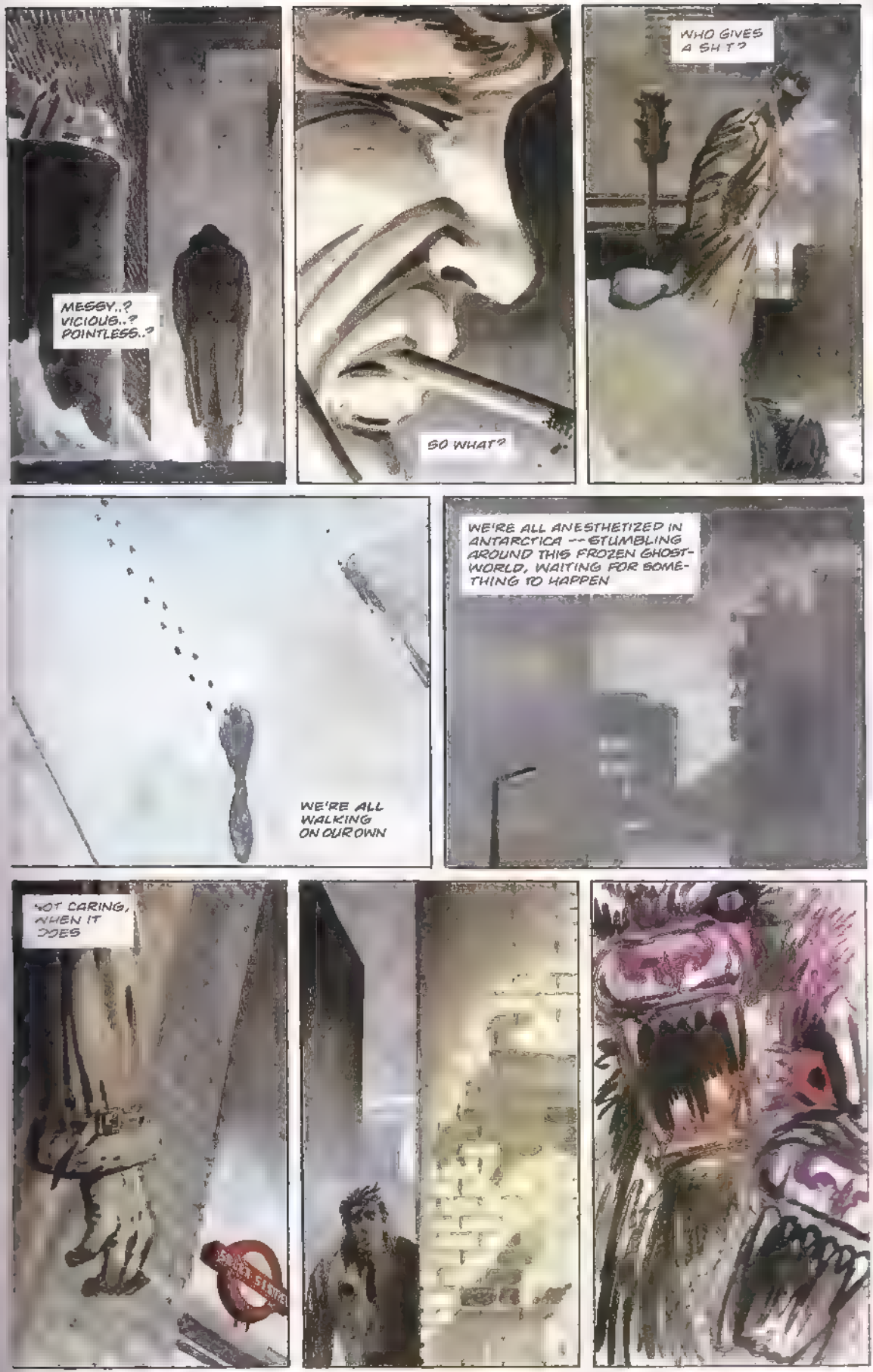
HAH! PINK GIN.
BETTER GIVE US A FRESH ONE
NO WAY, YOU SICK BASTARD.
I'VE GOT A BOTTLE OF WHITE SATIN, AT HOME.
ALL RIGHT, DARLIN', YOU DON'T HAVE TO BEG. I'M YOURS, OKAY?
NOT MUCH CHANCE OF A BETTER OFFER, NOW, IS THERE?
CHRIST, IT'S COLD AS NECROPHILIA, OUT HERE.
WHAT'S UP WITH YOU?
"PINK GIN" -- THAT WAS BRILLIANT...
NAH, IT WEREN'T. IT WAS A CHEAP SHOT, FROM A CHEAP SHIT, IN A CHEAP SUIT.
Y'KNOW, SOMETIMES I TURN MYSELF RIGHT OFF.

WE GOT FAR TO GO?
YOU'RE EAGER
NO, DARLIN'--I'M HYPOTHERMIC.
STOP WHINING. IT'S JUST ALONG HERE. NICE AND HANDY FOR THE TUBE TO WORK.
WORK..?
YEAH .. MY DAY JOB. I WORK FOR A TV PRODUCTION COMPANY.
THIS IS JUST FOR PIN MONEY, Y'KNOW?
HMMM... YOU REALLY ARE COLD, AREN'T YOU?
C'MON. INSIDE!
I DON'T FEEL VERY ROMANTIC.
WHAT'S ROMANCE GOT TO DO WITH IT?
RIGHT.

NICE COLOR SCHEME. MATCHES MY MOOD.
THAT'S WHY I PICKED YOU OUT.
HEY, DON'T GET TOO CLEVER. THIS IS THIN ICE YOU'RE SKATING ON
WHAT'S UNDER-NEATH IT?
MORE ICE.
I DON'T BELIEVE YOU. WAIT THERE
IT'S POINTLESS. I'M A ZOMBIE. YOU WON'T GET ANYWHERE NEAR.
BE WARNED, KID. LEAVE IT. IT'LL DAMAGE YOU. MAKE YOU FEEL LIKE A BLOODY PATHOLOGIST.
I'LL TAKE MY CHANCE.
OKAY, I SURRENDER.
C'MON AND DO YOUR WORST.

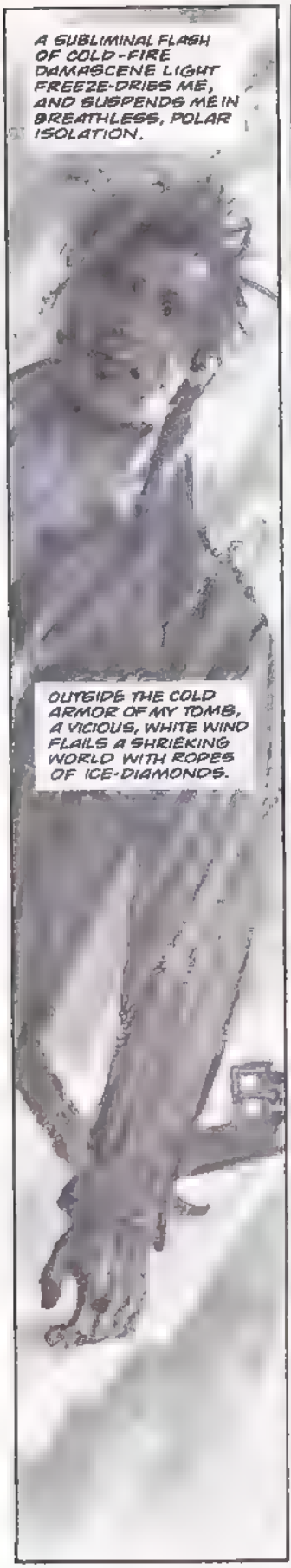
HARDER, YOU PATHETIC STILETTO BITCH! I STILL CAN'T FUCKIN' FEEL IT!

I... I CAN'T. IT'S LIKE... LIKE...
I'M SORRY. I THOUGHT .
FORGET IT.
I'M COLD.
FLOGGIN' A DEAD HORSE..?
TOLD YOU SO.
STAY WITH ME
DON'T BE BLOODY STUPID.


MESSY..?
VICIOUS..?
POINTLESS..?
SO WHAT?
WHO GIVES A SH T?
WE'RE ALL WALKING ON OUR OWN
WE'RE ALL ANESTHETIZED IN ANTARCTICA --STUMBLING AROUND THIS FROZEN GHOST-WORLD, WAITING FOR SOMETHING TO HAPPEN
OT CARING, WHEN IT DOES

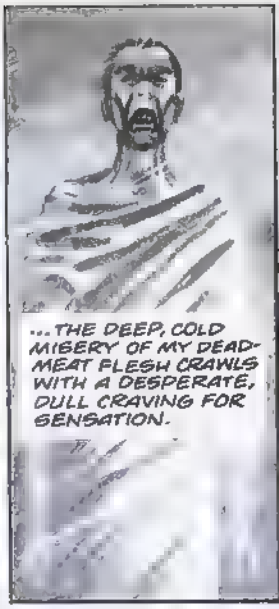
OH WELL... IT'S NOT AS IF IT'S GOING TO HURT.
SHIT..
JUST WHEN YOU LEAST EXPECT IT.
HELLO.
I LOVE YOU.
KWIK

WON'T YOU TELL ME YOUR...
...NAME?


A SUBLIMINAL FLASH OF COLD-FIRE DAMASCENE LIGHT FREEZE-DRIES ME, AND SUSPENDS ME IN BREATHLESS, POLAR ISOLATION.
OUTSIDE THE COLD ARMOR OF MY TOMB, A VICIOUS, WHITE WIND FLAILS A SHRIEKING WORLD WITH ROPES OF ICE-DIAMONDS.

I CAN'T MOVE. I CAN'T HEAR.

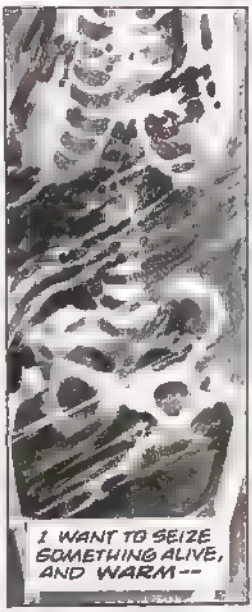
TORMENTED BY THE CRUEL MEMORY OF A WITHERED LUST. .


...THE DEEP, COLD MISERY OF MY DEAD-MEAT FLESH CRAWLS WITH A DESPERATE, DULL CRAVING FOR SENSATION.

I WANT TO FEEL THE BLIZZARD LAY ME BARE...

SHRED MY SCAR TISSUE -- EXPOSE MY RED-WEEPING BODY TO THE FRANTIC, RAW TONGUE OF PAIN.

I WANT TO TOUCH SOMETHING... ANY-THING.

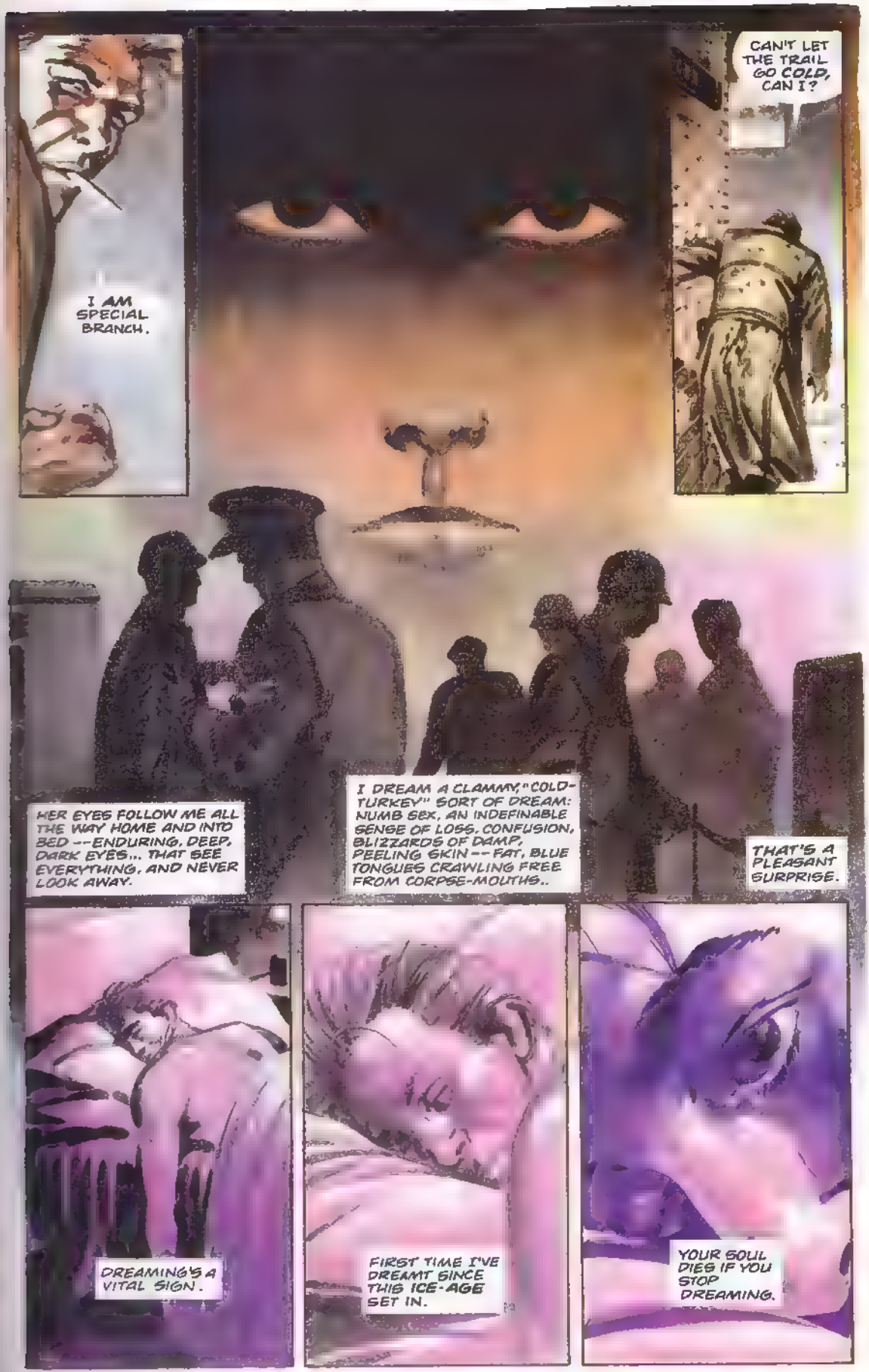

I WANT TO SEIZE SOMETHING ALIVE, AND WARM--

TO HOLD IT, AND HOWL WITH IT-- WRESTLE WITH IT, SCREAM WITH IT...

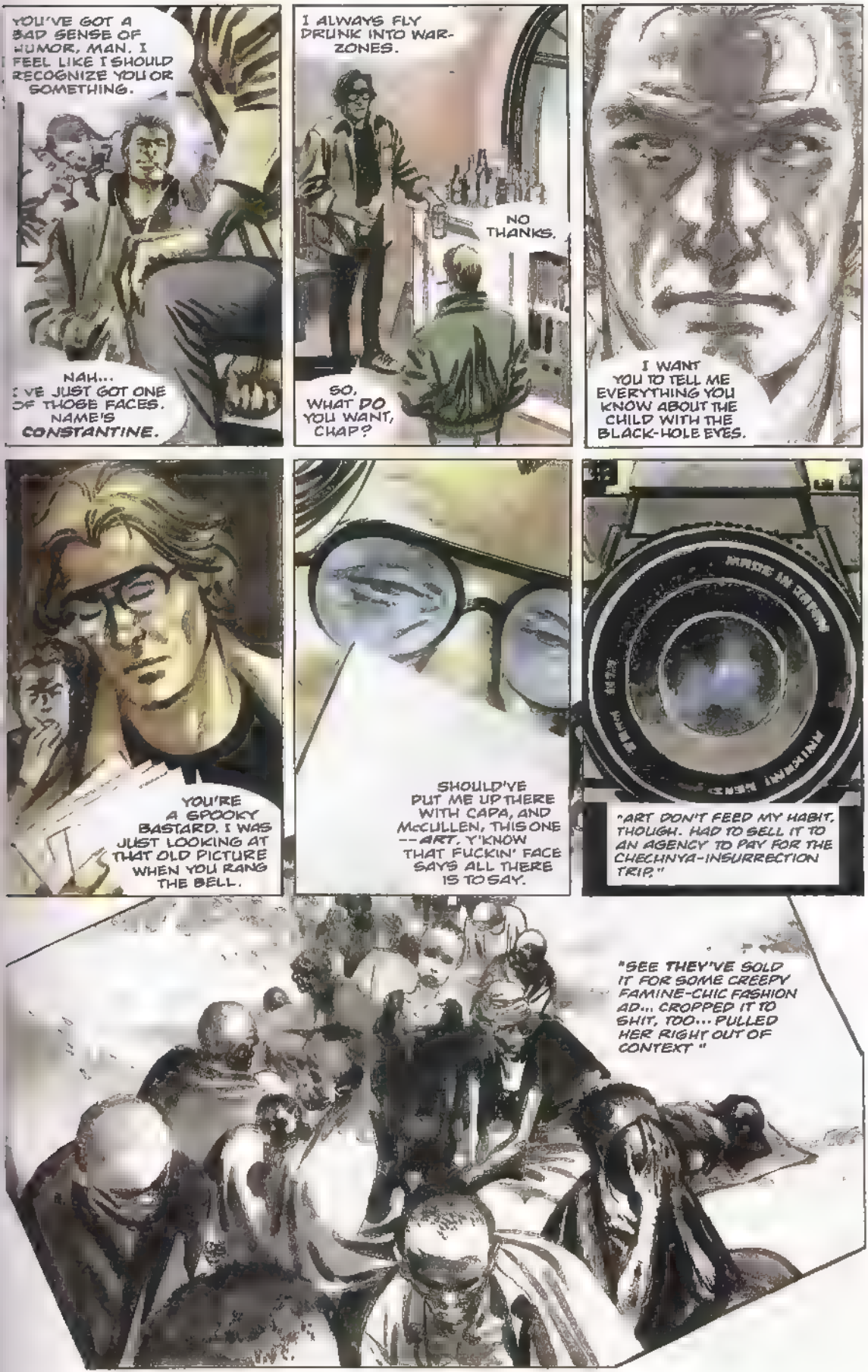
WHILE THERE'S STILL SOMETHING LEFT TO SEIZE.

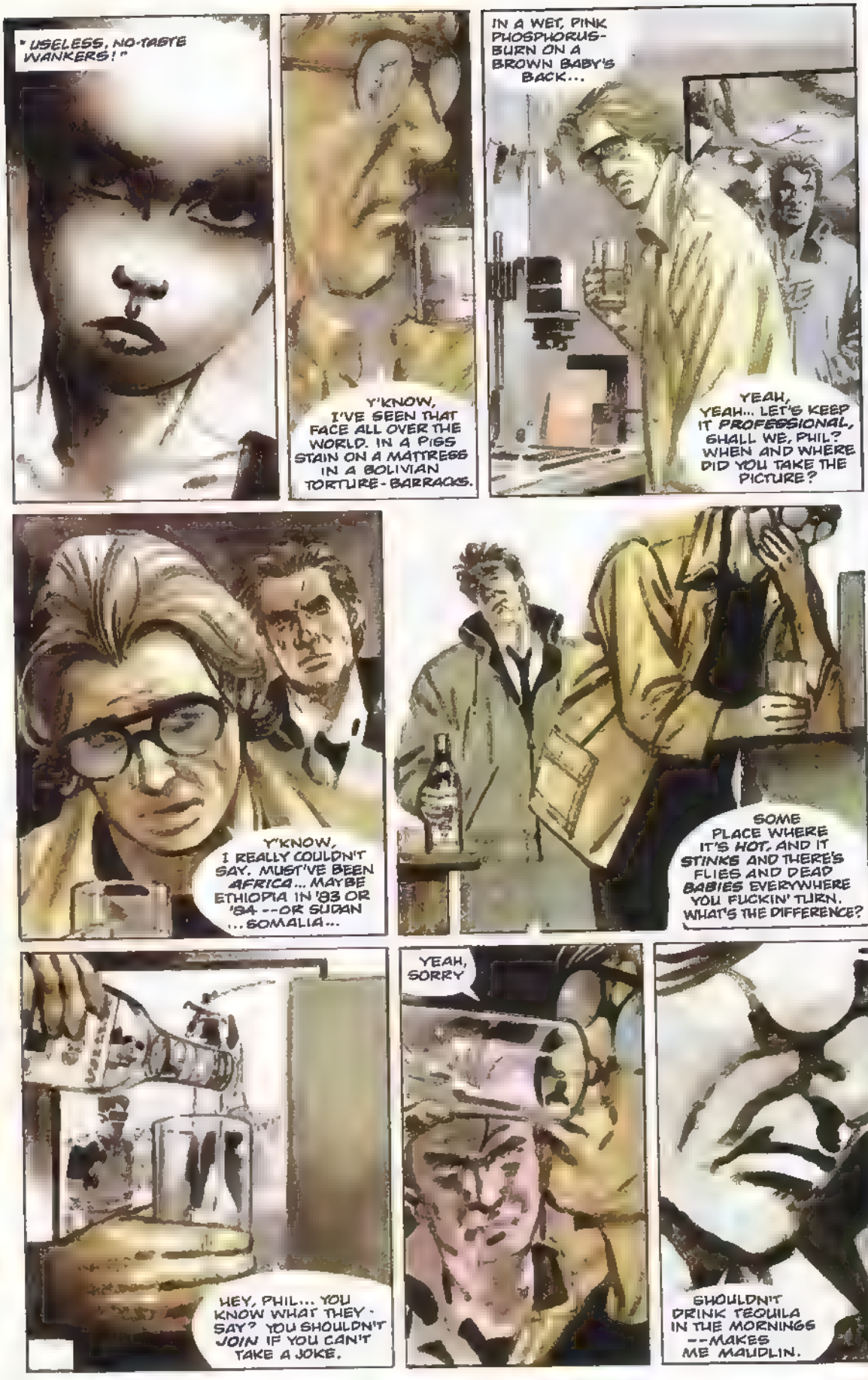
AND THEN, SOME LAST WHIPLASH SHRILL OF SUFFERING SINGS THROUGH THE ICE, LICKING MY SPINE WITH A SUDDEN RAZOR TONGUE OF MERCY.
A TRANSCENDENT SECOND OF REFLEX SHUDDERING -- A CRYSTAL SHIVER.
...AND THAT'S ALL I SPRAWL ABANDONED, INTO EMPTY DESOLATION
CHRIST, I'M A LONG WAY OUT, AND ALL ALONE
BUT I'M NOT THE FIRST WHO'S BEEN THIS WAY. I JUST HAVE TO CRAWL...
AND CRAWL...
UNTIL I FIND HER.

AH!
GET THE FUCK OFF OF ME, YOU VULTURES...
I'M NOT BLOODY DEAD YET!
CALM DOWN, LADDIE. YOU'RE IN SHOCK. YOU NEED TREATMENT.
LOOK AT THE STATE OF YOU.
YEAH, WELL ...IT WAS A ROUGH NIGHT BEFORE THE BOMB.
MOST OF THIS IS DOG BLOOD, ANYWAY.
I WAS JUST ABOUT TO CHEW OUT ITS THROAT WHEN EVERYTHING WENT BLACK.
LOAN US SOME OF YOUR TISSUES, MATE.
THE LANDLADY'LL SHIT IF I WALK IN LIKE THIS, AGAIN.
'ERE... YOU CAN'T JUST WANDER OFF. SPECIAL BRANCH'LL WANT A WORD WITH YOU.
YEAH... WELL, CHIEF, THAT'S IT, YOU SEE...


I AM SPECIAL BRANCH.
CAN'T LET THE TRAIL GO COLD, CAN I?
HER EYES FOLLOW ME ALL THE WAY HOME AND INTO BED --ENDURING, DEEP, DARK EYES... THAT SEE EVERYTHING, AND NEVER LOOK AWAY.
I DREAM A CLAMMY, "COLD-TURKEY" SORT OF DREAM: NUMB SEX, AN INDEFINABLE SENSE OF LOSS, CONFUSION, BLIZZARDS OF DAMP, PEELING SKIN -- FAT, BLUE TONGUES CRAWLING FREE FROM CORPSE-MOUTHS..
THAT'S A PLEASANT SURPRISE.
DREAMING'S A VITAL SIGN.
FIRST TIME I'VE DREAMT SINCE THIS ICE-AGE SET IN.
YOUR SOUL DIES IF YOU STOP DREAMING.

EVER HAD A TASTE OF SOME STRANGE, NEW DRUG, AND FELT IT RECOGNIZE YOU... MAKE LOVE WITH THE HEART OF YOU... BRING YOU ALIVE...?
POLICE
POLICE
AND THEN WHEN YOU CAME DOWN, YOU WERE RESTLESS... LONELY-- KNOWING YOU'D NEVER BE EASY--
UNTIL YOU'D TRACKED DOWN A LITTLE MORE OF IT?
THE AD COMPANY SENT ME TO THE PICTURE AGENCY-- THEY GAVE ME THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S NAME. I GOT HIS ADDRESS OFF THEIR COMPUTER, WHILE THE RECEPTIONIST WAS CALLING SECURITY.
PHIL JAMIESON..?
YES. COME IN AND WAIT, DRIVER.
YOU'RE EARLY. I'M STILL PACKING.
GOIN SOMEWHERE NICE, GUV?
BURUNDI... PHOTOGRAPH SOME NEW MASS GRAVES.
YEAH..? COOL.
I THOUGHT CAB DRIVERS HAD TO WEAR BADGES WITH THEIR PICTURES ON..?
OKAY. PAL -- YOU GOT ME. I'M REALLY A STRUNG-OUT, DANGEROUSLY OBSESSED PSYCHOPATH, AND I'LL RAPE AND KILL YOU IF YOU DON'T TELL ME WHAT I WANT TO KNOW.

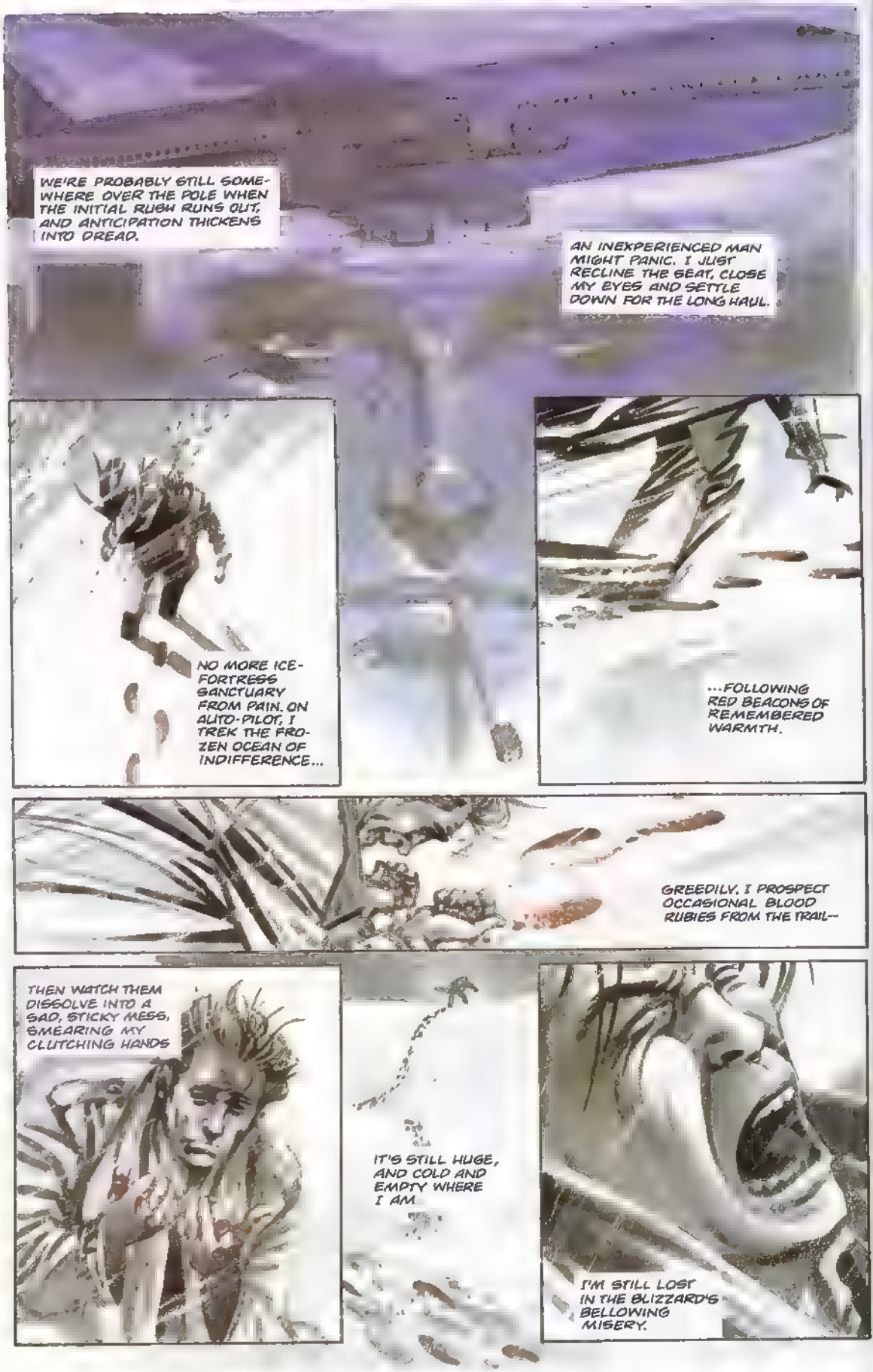

YOU'VE GOT A BAD SENSE OF HUMOR, MAN. I FEEL LIKE I SHOULD RECOGNIZE YOU OR SOMETHING.
NAH... I'VE JUST GOT ONE OF THOSE FACES. NAME'S CONSTANTINE.
I ALWAYS FLY DRUNK INTO WAR-ZONES.
NO THANKS.
SO, WHAT DO YOU WANT, CHAP?
I WANT YOU TO TELL ME EVERYTHING YOU KNOW ABOUT THE CHILD WITH THE BLACK-HOLE EYES.
YOU'RE A SPOOKY BASTARD. I WAS JUST LOOKING AT THAT OLD PICTURE WHEN YOU RANG THE BELL.
SHOULD'VE PUT ME UP THERE WITH CAPA, AND McCULLEN, THIS ONE --ART, Y'KNOW THAT FUCKIN' FACE SAYS ALL THERE IS TO SAY.
"ART DON'T FEED MY HABIT, THOUGH. HAD TO SELL IT TO AN AGENCY TO PAY FOR THE CHECHNYA-INSURRECTION TRIP."
"SEE THEY'VE SOLD IT FOR SOME CREEPY FAMINE-CHIC FASHION AD... CROPPED IT TO SHIT, TOO... PULLED HER RIGHT OUT OF CONTEXT."


"USELESS, NO-TASTE WANKERS!"
Y'KNOW, I'VE SEEN THAT FACE ALL OVER THE WORLD. IN A PISS STAIN ON A MATTRESS IN A BOLIVIAN TORTURE-BARRACKS.
IN A WET, PINK PHOSPHORUS-BURN ON A BROWN BABY'S BACK...
YEAH, YEAH... LET'S KEEP IT PROFESSIONAL, SHALL WE, PHIL? WHEN AND WHERE DID YOU TAKE THE PICTURE?
Y'KNOW, I REALLY COULDN'T SAY. MUST'VE BEEN AFRICA... MAYBE ETHIOPIA IN '83 OR '84 --OR SUDAN ...SOMALIA...
SOME PLACE WHERE IT'S HOT, AND IT STINKS AND THERE'S FLIES AND DEAD BABIES EVERYWHERE YOU FUCKIN' TURN. WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?
HEY, PHIL... YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY? YOU SHOULDN'T JOIN IF YOU CAN'T TAKE A JOKE.
YEAH, SORRY
SHOULDN'T DRINK TEQUILA IN THE MORNINGS --MAKES ME MAUDLIN.

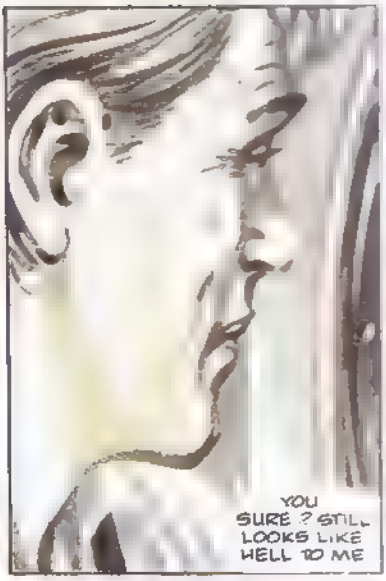
TELL YOU ONE THING I DO REMEMBER, THOUGH...
KID DIDN'T DIE. COUPLE OF AMERICAN AID-WORKERS FROM ONE OF THOSE BIBLE BELT MISSIONARY OUTFITS SAW MY PICTURE.
SAID THAT GOD HAD MARKED HER OUT TO BE SAVED -- ONE OUT OF MANY, OR SOME SUCH CRAP. THEY TRACKED HER DOWN AND ADOPTED HER. TOOK HER BACK TO THE STATES, EVENTUALLY.
I NEED THEIR NAME, AND THE NAME OF THEIR CHURCH.
YOU HAVE GOT IT BAD, OLD SON.
GOT TO GO, CHAP. DEATH WAITS FOR NO MAN.
LOOK IN THE FILE. THERE'S A PICTURE OF THEM WITH THE KID -- UNDER "J" FOR JORGENSEN. THE ADDRESS'LL BE ON THE BACK.
JUST SLAM THE DOOR WHEN YOU LEAVE.
THANKS, MATE. GOOD LUCK.

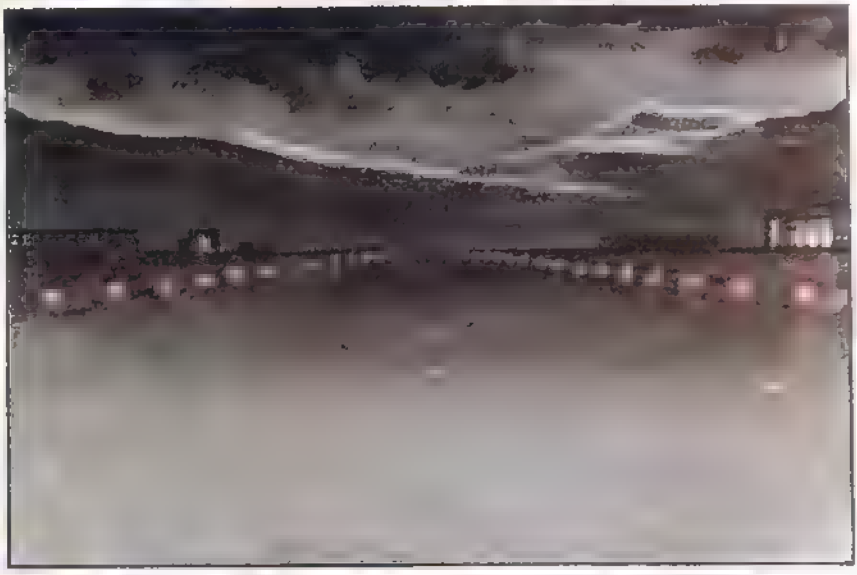
THE PAVEMENT QUAKES. MY HEAD LURCHES, WOBBLING LIKE A TETHERED BALLOON. I FEEL SICK AS A POISONED DOG.
YEAH... NOTHING FUCKS YOU UP BETTER THAN MAGIC. IT'S JUST LIKE COMING HOME.
JESUS, I'M HUNGRY ...COULD EAT A SCABBY-KID'S 'EAD.
I SETTLE FOR A BACON SARNIE IT TAKES A WHILE TO CHOKE IT DOWN -- BEEN LIVING ON NICOTINE AND ALCOHOL TOO LONG.
TASTES LIKE SHIT -- BUT AT LEAST IT TASTES... AND I'M GOING TO NEED MY STRENGTH IF I'M GOING TO START PLAYING THE OLD GAMES, AGAIN...
WHAT DO I MEAN, "IF"? ANYONE'D THINK I'VE GOT A.

... CHOICE.
WONDER IF THE SUN'S STILL SHINING ABOVE THOSE CLOUDS... SEEMS LIKE A LONG TIME SINCE I SAW THE SUN -- A FUCKING, FROZEN ETERNITY, IN FACT.
HELL IS A SLOW, COLD DREAM... A NUMB DESCENT TO ABSOLUTE ZERO... A DEAD-EYED OBSERVATION OF ATROCITY.
IT'S WHERE YOU GO TO CHILL OUT WHEN THE HORROR CATCHES UP WITH YOU. YOU CAN EASILY DIE THERE, AND NEVER EVEN CARE.
UNLESS YOU GET LUCKY UNLESS MAGIC HITS YOU UPSIDE THE HEAD WITH A QUARTER-POUND OF SEMTEX, AND GETS YOUR ATTENTION.
THEN YOU REMEMBER THAT YOU WERE HUMAN ONCE, AND GET ALL SENTIMENTAL. NEXT THING, YOU'RE PLANNING CHRISTMAS IN MINNESOTA.
CLASSIC, MATE LOOKS BRILLIANT-- KEEP THE COLD OUT A TREAT, THAT WILL. CALL IT FIFTY QUID.
IT'LL DO.
THERE A TRAVEL AGENT'S 'ROUND HERE..?


WE'RE PROBABLY STILL SOMEWHERE OVER THE POLE WHEN THE INITIAL RUSH RUNS OUT, AND ANTICIPATION THICKENS INTO DREAD.
AN INEXPERIENCED MAN MIGHT PANIC. I JUST RECLINE THE SEAT, CLOSE MY EYES AND SETTLE DOWN FOR THE LONG HAUL.
NO MORE ICE-FORTRESS SANCTUARY FROM PAIN. ON AUTO-PILOT, I TREK THE FROZEN OCEAN OF INDIFFERENCE...
...FOLLOWING RED BEACONS OF REMEMBERED WARMTH.
GREEDILY, I PROSPECT OCCASIONAL BLOOD RUBIES FROM THE TRAIL--
THEN WATCH THEM DISSOLVE INTO A SAD, STICKY MESS, SMEARING MY CLUTCHING HANDS
IT'S STILL HUGE, AND COLD AND EMPTY WHERE I AM.
I'M STILL LOST IN THE BLIZZARD'S BELLOWING MISERY.

HEY, FELLA... YOU CAN QUIT THAT GODDAMN MOANING NOW. WE'RE DOWN, AND WE'RE ALIVE, OKAY..?

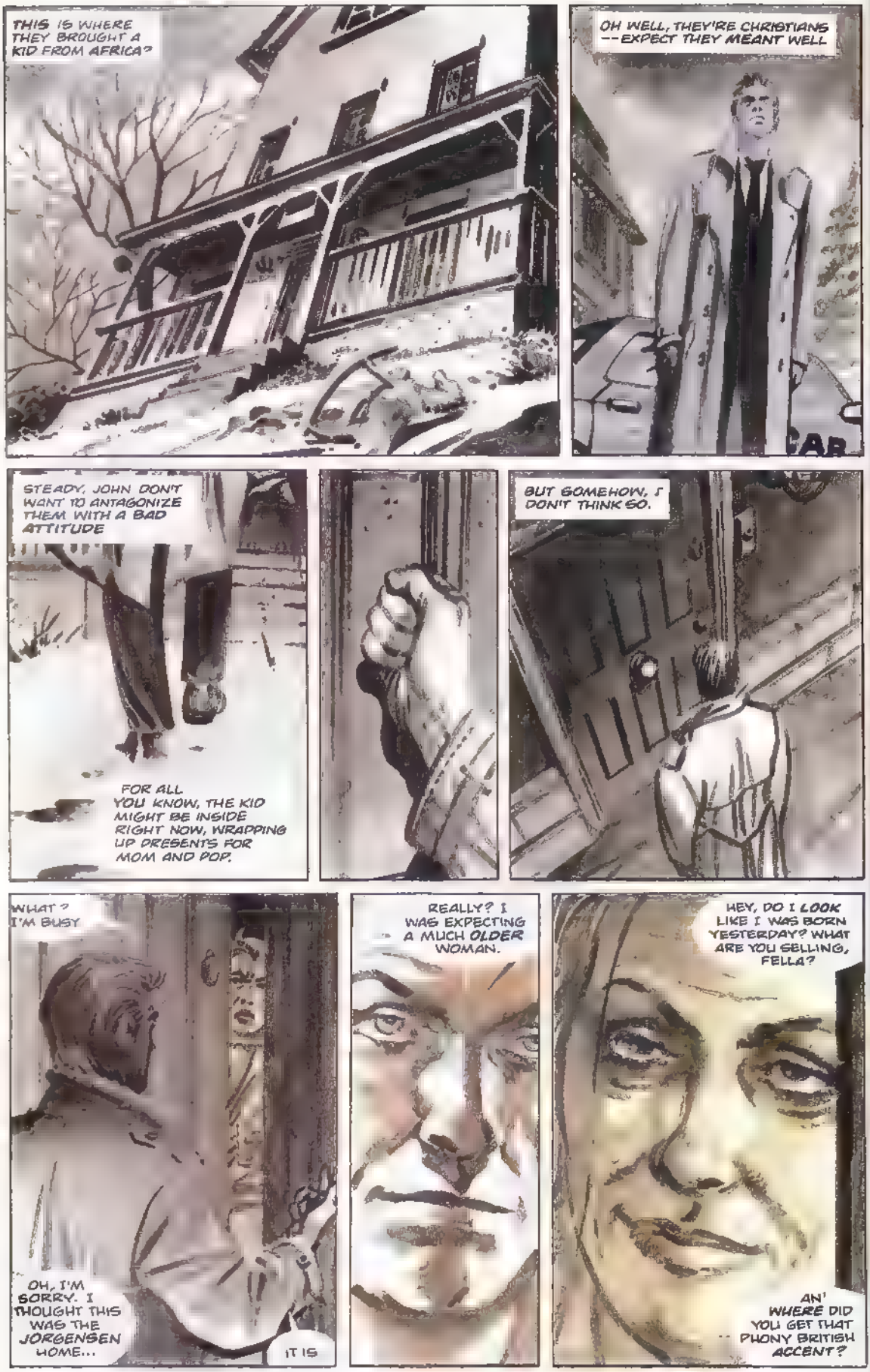

YOU SURE ? STILL LOOKS LIKE HELL TO ME



AIRPORTS ARE NEUTRAL SPACE-- MBO I FLOAT FOR A WHILE... FOCUSING

MY BALLS TIGHTEN AS THE BLACK-HOLE EYES SUCK AT ME -- THEIR SCREAMING EMPTINESS RECOGNIZING... INVITING... SILENTLY DEMANDING.
MY HAND TREMBLES. MY SKIN CRAWLS.

CHRIST! THIS IS DEFINITELY GOING TO BE KILL OR CURE


THIS IS WHERE THEY BROUGHT A KID FROM AFRICA?
OH WELL, THEY'RE CHRISTIANS --EXPECT THEY MEANT WELL
STEADY, JOHN DON'T WANT TO ANTAGONIZE THEM WITH A BAD ATTITUDE
FOR ALL YOU KNOW, THE KID MIGHT BE INSIDE RIGHT NOW, WRAPPING UP PRESENTS FOR MOM AND POP.
BUT SOMEHOW, I DON'T THINK SO.
WHAT? I'M BUSY
OH, I'M SORRY. I THOUGHT THIS WAS THE JORGENSEN HOME...
IT IS
REALLY? I WAS EXPECTING A MUCH OLDER WOMAN.
HEY, DO I LOOK LIKE I WAS BORN YESTERDAY? WHAT ARE YOU SELLING, FELLA?
AN' WHERE DID YOU GET THAT PHONY BRITISH ACCENT?

OKAY, JOHN... YOU JUST GONNA SIT THERE SWILLIN' MY LIQUOR AN' WHINING ABOUT THE WEATHER, OR ARE YOU GONNA TELL ME WHAT YOU *REALLY* WANT?
I SUPPOSE IT'S ONLY FAIR
JUST ONE MORE TOP-UP?
SEE, I'M LOOKING FOR SOMEONE, MARTHA-- SOMEONE SORT OF *SPECIAL*.
HOLD THE GLASS STILL, YOU'LL SPILL IT.
GIVE ME A CIGARETTE
IT'S VERY IMPORTANT TO ME I NEED YOUR HELP.
I WANT TO SEE THE *CHILD*, MARTHA.
THE ONE YOU BROUGHT HOME FROM MOZAMBIQUE IN 1986

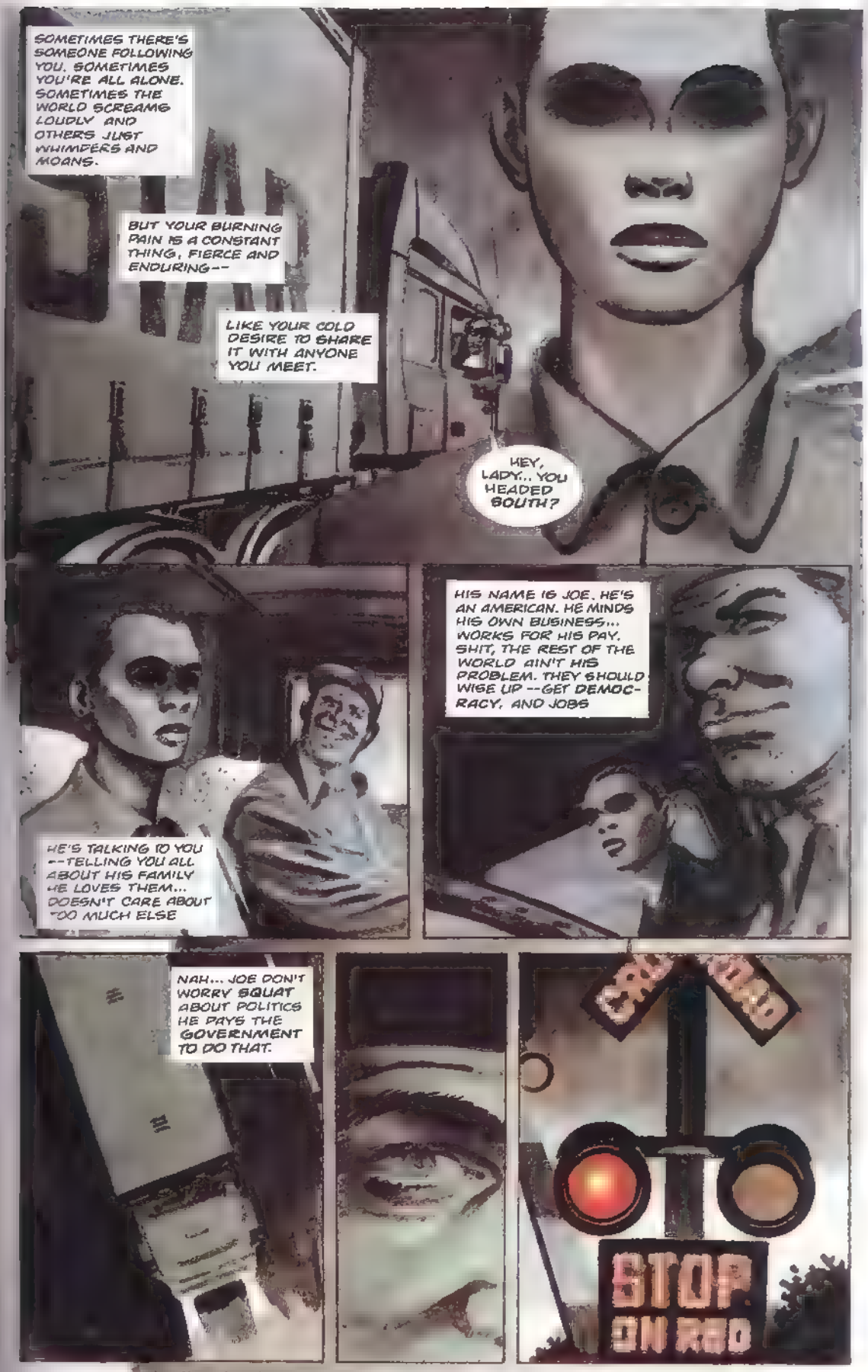
I SUPPOSE SHE'S GROWN UP, BY NOW..?
"SHE" IS DEAD, MR CONSTANTINE. SO ARE RAY AND KATHY
WE CALLED HER ANGEL.
"IT SEEMED THE LEAST THAT WE COULD DO... WE WERE SO GRATEFUL FOR THE BLESSING OF OUR OWN HAPPY, HEALTHY CHILD, YOU SEE.
"THE CHURCH SENT RAY AND ME OVER THERE, TO WORK IN THE CAMPS FOR REFUGEES FROM THE WAR. WE NEVER PLANNED TO ADOPT ANOTHER CHILD...
"... BUT GOD SHOWED US ANGEL IN A PHOTOGRAPH -- MADE US SEEK HER OUT AND SAVE HER
"KATHY WAS WILD WITH EXCITEMENT WHEN WE CALLED TO SAY WE'D BE BRINGING A NEW SISTER BACK TO SHARE OUR HOME.
"SHE WAS TEN, THAT YEAR. SHE'D'VE BEEN FINISHING COLLEGE NOW..."

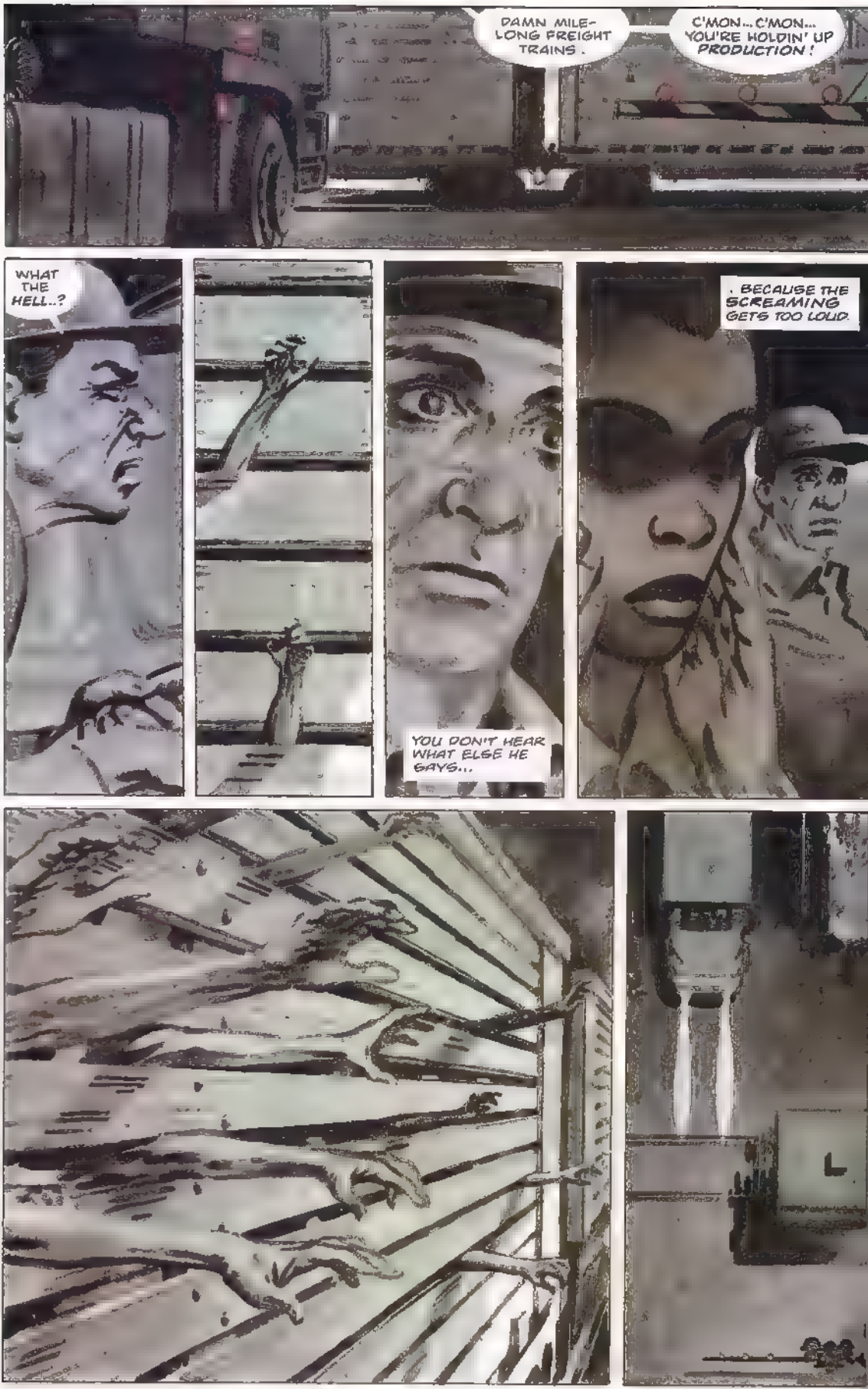
LIVING WITH ANGEL WAS VERY STRANGE. I DON'T WANT TO REMEMBER TOO MUCH ABOUT IT. WAS LIKE, SHE WAS LOVELY, BUT SHE SORT OF.. SUCKED YOU DRY.
"SHE DID WELL. SHE WAS SMART AT SCHOOL... HEALTHY -- THOUGH SHE WAS A LATE DEVELOPER, STILL HADN'T HIT PUBERTY AT FIFTEEN, WHEN..
BUT HEY... THIS IS NONE OF YOUR DAMN BUSINESS!
YOU'RE TELLING ME BECAUSE YOU NEED TO TALK, MARTHA-- AND BECAUSE I NEED TO KNOW.
SO, WHAT HAPPENED TO RAY AND KATHY? WHAT HAPPENED TO ANGEL?
"NOTHING GOOD. KATHY GOT ANOREXIA, AND RAY GOT CRAZY. ANGEL GOT KILLED, AND I GOT DRUNK!
'BEEN THAT WAY FOR THE LAST THREE YEARS
'KATHY WASTING AWAY BEFORE MY EYES. JUST ATE RAY UP.
"THAT'S WHAT HE SAID IN THE NOTE HE LEFT, ANYHOW.
"AND THAT HE LOVED US... THAT HE HOPED GOD WOULD FORGIVE HIM FOR TAKING ANGEL OUT TO THE RIVER -- FOR STRANGLING HER AND WEIGHING HER BODY DOWN WITH ROCKS...
" ..AND FOR COMING HOME AFTERWARDS AND HANGING HIMSELF UP IN THE GARAGE FOR ME TO FIND."

DUMB BASTARD! AS IF THERE REALLY WAS A GOD...
KATHY DIED ANYWAY ... POOR BABY.
SHE'S NOT DEAD.
I OUGHTA KNOW. I WAS HOLDING HER HAND IN THE HOSPITAL WHEN SHE WENT.
NOT KATHY... I DON'T CARE ABOUT HER.
I DON'T BELIEVE ANGEL'S DEAD
SHIT! I'M SORRY, I DIDN'T MEAN--
LOOK, DID THEY EVER DRAG UP A BODY?
NO.
IT'S ODD. THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE EVER BEEN ABLE TO SPEAK ABOUT THIS STUFF ALL OUR FRIENDS WERE IN THE CHURCH...
IT'S GOOD TO TALK. WHY DON'T YOU HAVE ANOTHER DRINK, JOHN?
I'VE GOT SOME TV DINNERS, IF YOU'RE HUNGRY? WHY DON'T YOU STAY A WHILE AND TELL ME SOMETHING ABOUT...
.YOURSELF?

DALEY
MOTE
I NEED TO TAKE A SHORTCUT. THE TRAIL IS TWO YEARS COLD IN MINNESOTA--SHE COULD BE ANY-WHERE. BY NOW.
A HOT, DARK PLACE.
AN UNCHAINED MIND...
AND A FEVERISH, SWEATING WILL TO KNOW.
SO, LET'S PLAY WITH RITUAL.. A WISH, A MAP, A FLAME...
AND A WISP OF ANGEL HAIR.
FAT-SERPENT CHARNEL-STINK PUSHES, SQUIRMING, DOWN MY THROAT
CURLED CORPSES SMOLDER ON A CITY DUMP.
FLESH SPLITS- SKIN BUBBLES

THE WORLD SCREAMS AS I WRITHE AND DIE IN MY SUFFERING MILLIONS...
MAGIC CAN BE RISKY, THOUGH.
GOT TO STAY COOL.. KEEP YOUR WITS ABOUT YOU...
ALWAYS BE READY TO SNATCH VICTORY FROM THE ASHES OF DISASTER...
OR SOME FUCKIN' CLICHÉ LIKE THAT
ROCKFORD
FENTON
YOU PLAY PRETTY ROUGH, ANGEL... BUT THEN, I LIKE THAT IN A GIRL...
OR WHATEVER THE HELL YOU ARE.


SOMETIMES THERE'S SOMEONE FOLLOWING YOU. SOMETIMES YOU'RE ALL ALONE. SOMETIMES THE WORLD SCREAMS LOUDLY AND OTHERS JUST WHIMPERS AND MOANS.
BUT YOUR BURNING PAIN IS A CONSTANT THING, FIERCE AND ENDURING--
LIKE YOUR COLD DESIRE TO SHARE IT WITH ANYONE YOU MEET.
HEY, LADY... YOU HEADED SOUTH?
HE'S TALKING TO YOU --TELLING YOU ALL ABOUT HIS FAMILY HE LOVES THEM... DOESN'T CARE ABOUT TOO MUCH ELSE
HIS NAME IS JOE. HE'S AN AMERICAN. HE MINDS HIS OWN BUSINESS... WORKS FOR HIS PAY. SHIT, THE REST OF THE WORLD AIN'T HIS PROBLEM. THEY SHOULD WISE UP --GET DEMOCRACY, AND JOBS
NAH... JOE DON'T WORRY SQUAT ABOUT POLITICS HE PAYS THE GOVERNMENT TO DO THAT.
STOP
ON RED


DAMN MILE-LONG FREIGHT TRAINS.
C'MON... C'MON... YOU'RE HOLDIN' UP PRODUCTION!
WHAT THE HELL..?
YOU DON'T HEAR WHAT ELSE HE SAYS...
. BECAUSE THE SCREAMING GETS TOO LOUD.

YOU SEE PEOPLE ON THAT TRAIN ?
THEY'RE CLEANSING THE POPULATION.
BEEN DEPORTED OR DEPT. ROUNDS MURDERERS RAPISTS GANGBANGERS TERRORISTS
THERE WERE CHILDREN WITH THEM.
HE CHANGES THE SUBJECT... SAYS YOU BOTH NEED COFFEE AND HOT FOOD.
BUT DOUBT HAS INFECTED HIM: THE TRAIN IS SCREAMING SOFTLY THROUGH HIS MIND
JOES
GONNA CALL HOME... TELL 'EM I'LL BE BACK TOMORROW.
JEAN..? IT'S JOE. LISTEN, I'M TRYNA CALL MARCIE AN' THE KIDS BUT THEY DON'T PICK UP.
WHAT'S GOIN' ON?
HEY... WHADDYA SAYIN', JEAN? TOOK 'EM AWAY IN WHAT VAN?
GODDAMNIT, I NEVER HEARD OF NO RE-FUCKIN'- EDUCATION PROGRAM.

THIS IS SOME KINDA GODDAMN NIGHTMARE...
NO, JOE. I'M SORRY, BUT IT'S REAL.
HEY, WHERE'S THE FIRE?
IT'S EVERYWHERE.
CAN'T YOU FEEL IT?
"DOESN'T IT BURN YOU, TOO?"

APARTMENT HOUSE ARSON ATTACK... TORTURE SLAYING... BUNCH OF DRUG-RELATED SHOOTINGS... "SATANIST CHILD-ABUSER" INDICTED... ABORTION DOCTOR BATTERED ...ALIEN ABDUCTION... FIRST-GRADE STABBING...
PRETTY AVERAGE FOR A TOWN OF FENTON'S SIZE.
IT'S THE EYES THAT TELL ME THIS IS THE ONE
"YEAH, WE CAN GIVE YOU THE MAILMAN'S ADDRESS... IT'S NOT FAR -- BUT YOU SHOULD MAYBE TAKE A CAB. "
I PREFER TO WALK NOBODY EVEN LOOKS AT ME
INVISIBILITY IS THE ART OF NOT BEING NOTICED UNLESS YOU WANT TO BE
IT WORKS IF YOU BELIEVE IT DOES.
THIS 2660 ELM?
FUCK YOU, WHITEY.

THANKS HERE'S FIVE BUCKS-- LOOK OUT FOR MY CAR, WILLYA?
HE AIN'T HERE, MISTER.
REALLY..? I CALLED AND HE SAID HE'D MEET ME.
I GUESS HE MUSTA FORGOT SINCE HE SEEN THEM KIDS GET KILLED, CLARENCE AIN'T BEEN SO TOGETHER... Y'KNOW?
NOW, I GOT FOOD COOKING, AN' HUNGRY KIDS, SO...
DID HE GO TO HIS JOB?
NO, HE'S ON SICK LEAVE... KEEPS GETTING NIGHTMARES, AN' FLASHBACKS TO THE WAR.
DAMN F.B.I. DIDN'T HELP NONE... KEPT QUESTIONING HIM ABOUT THE DEFENSE PLANT NEXT TO WHERE IT HAPPENED. ON AND ON...
REALLY GOT TO CLARENCE.. SAT BROODING FOR DAYS, THEN JUST UPPED AND WALKED OUT, 'BOUT AN HOUR AGO.

SAID HE COULDN'T STAND THE KIDS' SCREAMING NO MORE--AND THEY'VE BEEN QUIET AS MICE, ALL DAY...
THIS DEFENSE PLANT--WHERE IS IT?
BACK OF THE DARK ...BY THE RAILROAD.
I GOTTA GO. I SMELL MY POT-ROAST BURNING.
I TELL THE GUY ON THE STOOP HE CAN KEEP MY "CAR," AND HEAR MYSELF CACKLING LIKE A LOON.
I THINK I'M BEGINNING TO GET THE JOKE, NOW.
ANGEL--THIS CHILD-WOMAN... THING... THAT I'M FOLLOWING --HAS A VICIOUS SENSE OF IRONY.
HER JOKES ARE BLACK AND CRUEL: SHE INFLICTS THEM AT RANDOM, LIKE SOME KIND OF TERRORIST.
APEX
RAIL LOADIN
LIKE ALL THE BEST COMEDIANS, ANGEL'S HUMOR UNBALANCES US...
...LEAVES US HELPLESS, UNCERTAIN WHETHER WE SHOULD LAUGH...
HEY... CLARENCE... WHICH WAY DID SHE GO, MAN?

FUCK IT.
...OR WHETHER WE SHOULD CRY.
To be concluded.

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THE HORRORIST IS A WOMAN OF MYSTERY — BUT MUCH MORE THAN A WOMAN. ARISING AMONGST AFRICAN CHAOS, WAR, AND STARVATION, SHE MIGRATES NORTH, CROSSING THE POVERTY LINE — AN ANGEL WITHOUT MERCY, BRINGING THE PAIN OF THE WORLD BACK HOME TO AMERICA...LEAVING A TRAIL OF MURDER, SUICIDE, AND DESTROYED LIVES IN HER PATH.

JOHN CONSTANTINE IS COLD. HIS SOUL IS NUMB, UNTOUCHABLE, IMMOVABLE, HIS COMPASSION SHRIVELLED BY OVEREXPOSURE TO THE FREEZING BREATHS OF HELL. THEN A GLIMPSE OF THE HORRORIST FRACTURES HIS ARMOR OF ICE, INCUBATES A GERM OF OBSESSIVE LUST AND INFECTS HIM WITH A TWISTED AGONY OF LOVE. HE WANTS HER DARK MYSTERY, NEEDS HER TENDER CRUELTY, AND HE WILL HAVE HER...EVEN IF HE MUST TRACK HER CLEAR ACROSS THE WORLD....

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